

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

Normal Library

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YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, MAY 15, 1902

2821

LANDSLIDE FOR WEDEMEYER

Ypsilanti Supporters Sure of Their Ground

BEFORE THE CAUCUSES

Slates Had Been Arranged With Result That Wedemeyer Easily Won

The serene calmness with which the powers that be went into the caucuses in the respective wards of Ypsilanti Monday night indicated that their confidence was undisturbed. The caucuses were well attended and there was much earnestness manifested but no scraps.

Slates had been arranged by the followers of the two congressional candidates, and the supporters of Wedemeyer assured reporters before they went into the caucuses that they could give the list of delegates just as well then as later. The only ward in which they fell down on this proposition was the first, where two Smith delegates were elected. This was permitted, however, it seemed, more as a matter of good nature than from any necessity.

J. Newton Swift was made chairman in the first and Albert Graves, secretary. Two tellers were appointed but their services were not needed as all delegates were elected by acclamation. The list is as follows: Elmer Brown, Frank Stowell, Fred Green, D. C. Griffen, E. E. Trim, J. M. Chidester, Thomas Rodeman, Abe Woods and Bert Childs. Of these delegates D. C. Griffen and J. M. Chidester are said to be Smith men although last night they would not say so.

In the second ward R. D. Roy was named for chairman, Edgar Rexford, secretary, E. S. Rouse and S. C. Fischer, tellers. The Copeland forces named Dr. Coombs for first delegate and the supporters of Wedemeyer named Prof. Lyman. Thereupon Dr. Coombs' name was withdrawn and Prof. Lyman was elected by acclamation. C. M. Barnes was elected as the second delegate and on this ballot the Copeland strength was uncovered and there were twelve votes. Each subsequent delegate was elected by ballot although on two occasions a motion to suspend the rules and instruct the secretary to cast the ballot was made. At once on this motion being made another candidate was put in nomination. The other three delegates for the second are Jabe Wortley, Ed. Doersam and Ed. Thorne. There was some kicking by the supporters of Copeland after adjournment but there was little that they could say for the reason that there was no question but that the other side had in the caucuses three votes to their one.

In the third ward more time was consumed than in any other of the caucuses. This was due to the fact that the delegates were elected by ballot and a riling of Chairman Stevens which took some time to get straightened out. The slate ultimately worked itself through, however, without the loss of a man. It is as follows: E. P. Allen, N. B. Trim, D. R. Morford, B. F. Savery, J. S. Lathers, H. D. Wells. A funny condition was brought to light when the votes for Morford were counted. There was 1 vote for D. F. Morford, 2 for D. K. Morford, 10 for D. R. Morford and 22 for D. A. Morford. As they were all for Dave, he was declared elected.

All was dead easy in the fourth and fifth wards. The opposition, if any, did not consider it necessary to show by a count what a hopeless minority they were in. The Fourth elected the following delegates: John Thompson, Thomas D. Creech, N. B. Yates, James Arms.

Those who will sit for the fifth are: Ike Davis, S. S. Criss, Geo. Richards, Ed Thompson, Frank Creech, George Cook and A. McPherson.

While little or nothing was said relative to state issues, the delegation is undoubtedly a solid Bliss crowd.

Judge Newkirk and a colored gentleman or two from Ann Arbor were in the city during the afternoon in the interest of Mayor Copeland but they left no evidences of their work behind when they departed. They evidently found themselves up against a hard proposition.

CONVINCE YOURSELF that Ely's Cream Balm deserves all that has been said of it as a means of quick relief and final cure in obstinate cases of nasal catarrh and hay fever. A trial costs but ten cents. Full size, 50 cents. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren street, New York.

Mt. Olive, Ark., May 17, 1901.

Messrs. Ely Bros.:—Please send me one bottle of Cream Balm, family size. I think it is the best medicine for catarrh in the world.

Very respectfully, J. M. SCHOLTZ.

Scratch, scratch, scratch; unable to attend to business during the day or sleep at night. Itching piles, horrible plague. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

GAVE AN ARTISTIC RECITAL

Another of the Conservatory graduating recitals was given in Normal hall Tuesday evening by Miss Adriance Rice, mezzo soprano, assisted by Miss Josephine Teahen, reader, and Miss Gertrude Heitsch, pianist.

Miss Rice is one of the talented members of the senior class and her songs were rendered with much feeling and expression, provoking enthusiastic applause.

Miss Teahen is a young lady well known in Detroit, her home, for her ability as a reader, and the novelty of an introduction of numbers of that description on a graduating recital program was favorably received by the audience.

Miss Heitsch is a popular pianist of the Conservatory, who is fast making a name for herself among the local musicians.

SAYS WILSON IS THE WINNER

Of the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest

SECRETARY POWER

Gives This Decision Although Contest was First Declared a Tie Between Miss Eagle and Wilson

The recent annual contest of the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical association is as prolific in developments as the Normal science building site question. On the heels of the announcement that Miss Eagle, of the Normal, and George Wilson of Olivet, were tied for first place, word comes that the secretary of the association, R. R. Power, of M. A. C., has declared Wilson the winner and Miss Eagle the second in rank.

In his letter to the Normal authorities, Secretary Power said that the decision is provisional, and will stand unless the Normal protests and sustains its point.

"We will certainly protest," said Mr. J. Stuart Lathers, instructor in elocution and oratory at the Normal, to a reporter last evening. "The compromise was proposed by the instructor of elocution and oratory at M. A. C. and was accepted first by Olivet and then by the Normal, but Olivet has evidently changed its mind and withdrawn its consent to the compromise. As the matter stands Olivet is technically the best of the bargain, so it would be necessary for Secretary Powers to give the decision, although, as he says, it is only provisional."

The Olivet reporters gave the impression in their dispatches to the Detroit papers that the compromise was urged by the Normal and that Olivet finally rose in its might and insisted on its dues—nothing more or less than the decision. As the compromise was proposed by a third party and was accepted by Olivet sooner than by the Normal, it is evident that the Olivet reporters are not doing the Normal justice.

ACETYLENE GAS LIGHTING

P. W. Shute, the Ypsilantian who has patents on an acetylene gas generator and who is attempting to demonstrate to the world that acetylene is the coming illuminant, has been granted a twenty-year franchise by Wayne for laying acetylene gas pipes in the streets and alleys of the village, in return agreeing to light the town hall free of charge.

His first venture in the way of street store and residence lighting was at Saline, where he is successfully operating a small plant that lights the village streets and provides for a number of private customers.

The acetylene flame is many times stronger than illuminating gas and is much whiter and purer, so if Mr. Shute's generator eliminates the element of danger, as he claims, it should have a great future before it, as the acetylene is considerably cheaper than illuminating gas.

Mr. Shute has entered into negotiations with moneyed men of Battle Creek, the proposition being to form a company with \$100,000 capital, for the manufacture of plants and their installation in villages and small cities.

If the deal with Battle Creek falls through for any reason, Ypsilanti capitalists will have an opportunity to organize such a concern in this city, if they consider the outlook encouraging.

If you suffer from any form of kidney or bladder trouble don't go to the expense of engaging a physician. Kid-N-Oids, at 50 cents per box are your best and cheapest doctor. Don't fear, don't put off the cure; get Kid-N-Oids to-day. Tablets for sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Excursion to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., at very low rates over Lake Shore Ry., May 17, 18 and 19.

TO PURCHASE OWEN LAND

For the Normal Science Building Site

BONDS TO ISSUE

In the Amount of \$6,000 to Buy Property--Tangle May Now Be Unravelled

What is declared to be positively the last appearance of the Normal science building site question occurred Thursday night, when the council at a special meeting instructed the mayor to issue \$6,000 in city bonds for the purchase of the Owen property on Forest avenue, across from the college campus.

Owen sustained to the last his reputation for being a hard man to come to satisfactory conclusions with, as he engaged in a violent quarrel with the city's representatives Thursday evening over the fifty foot strip which he has reserved from the west side of his property. The Crooker land cuts into the Owen site on the northwest, and from the north side of this piece along the Brinkerhoff property, Owen wanted fifty feet reserved, to be used, he said, as a road, if ever a way out is secured through the Crooker property.

Reports had come to the city officials that Owen has attempted to secure options on the Crooker land with a view of buying it and then holding up the city or state if ever the Normal needs additional ground to the west, so the officials attempted to persuade him to include the fifty-foot strip in the sale, with the provision that the city open it as a highway. Owen objected strenuously, and after several stormy scenes the city's representatives yielded.

The resolution, which was presented at the meeting by Ald. Van Fossen, rehearsed the proposition voted upon by the people and also gave the description of the property. The vote was unanimous, a fact Hon. E. P. Allen referred to when in behalf of the state board he thanked the council for deciding the question, and for following out the wishes of the faculty and state board, who he said are unanimously in favor of the Owen land.

In addition to settling the site matter the council transacted considerable other business, which was on the call. The contract for cement walk building during the coming year was let to North Gass, of Ypsilanti, whose bid was 8½ cents per square foot. The other bids were as follows: William H. Rohde, of Ann Arbor, 9¾ cents per square foot; E. J. Tobin, of Jackson, who had the contract last year, 8¾ cents per square foot for walks of six feet in width or under and 10¼ cents for walks over six feet and under ten feet; Frank Marriott, 9 cents for walks of six feet or under and 11 cents for those over six feet in width.

The aldermen neglected to confirm the appointment of the new commissioner of public works at the regular meeting, so occasion was taken last evening to confirm the appointment.

The council voted to adopt the recommendation of the commissioners of public works, that hereafter a meter rental of \$1 be charged, with semi-annual payments of 50 cents, all meters to be owned by the city; adding that the board of commissioners are to give back the purchase money to those who have purchased their own meters. On unanimous vote Albert Smith was elected sidewalk inspector.

All ten aldermen were present, and the meeting was a genuine love feast.

SITE TANGLE IS SETTLED

The end of the Normal science building site tangle has come, as the deal with Owen was closed Tuesday by City Attorney Towner.

The \$2,505 mortgage was discharged and O. E. Thompson's claim of \$400 was satisfied, after which the transfer was made.

Ald. Van Fossen is the happiest man in Ypsilanti, as he is convinced that his fine Italian hand is responsible for the selection of the Owen site.

Now that the location of the building is settled, work will be begun without delay, as the contract was awarded several weeks ago.

Wanted—Ladies to work for one or more of our premiums, worth from \$4.00 to \$50.00. With a little spare time devoted to our work, you can obtain your choice from 1,000 different premiums. We do not want a cent of your money; we furnish everything, express paid. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. American Machine Co., manufacturers of novelties, Kalamazoo, Mich.

To cure torpid liver, constipation, loss of appetite, biliousness and all other complaints of the liver, stomach or bowels, take Liver-Lax. A 25 cent little liver pill. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

MANY GOLF ENTHUSIASTS

Were Present at the Opening of the Country Club

SEASON'S FESTIVITIES

Began Friday Afternoon Banquet and Ball Made Occasion a Merry One

The formal opening of the Washtenaw Country club for the season took place Friday. In spite of the temperature, which was uncomfortably low, a large number of golf enthusiasts and their friends from both Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor gathered at an early hour on the picturesquely ground of the club.

A large roller is being used with good effect upon the grounds, which are as yet a little soft and springy. The links were dotted here and there by players, in their bright red jackets making a pretty contrast with the vivid green of the grass.

Great interest was manifested by both players and spectators, in the contests which were held early in the afternoon.

The first, a driving contest for gentlemen, was won by Dr. Hull, who made 435 yards. D. P. Sullivan won second place with 341 yards and Ray Dennen made third place by driving 310 yards.

The ladies' driving contest was won by Mrs. C. Cooley, 249 yards, and Mrs. Thompson received second place, driving 205 yards. In the driving contest for direction, first place was won by Ray Dennen, second by Newton Swift.

Approaching contest for gentlemen resulted as follows: Dodge 72½ yards, Dennen 74 yards, D. P. Sullivan 84½ yards.

Approaching contest by ladies—Miss Boersig 25 yards, Mrs. Cooley 27½ yards, Thompson 35 yards.

The putting contest resulted in giving Mr. Todd first place in 12 strokes, Messrs. Cooley and Sullivan tied for place on 14 strokes and in plaging off the tie Mr. Cooley won second place by one stroke.

After the contests were ended many of the ladies gathered about the spacious fire place in the club house, finding the crackling wood fire too attractive to entice them out onto the grounds.

A committee composed of Mesdames Sheehan, Zimmerman, Lawrence, Platt, Sullivan and Showerman were in charge of a delicious dinner which was served to 150 guests and club members, whose appetites were made keen by the country air which they had been enjoying all the afternoon.

After the dinner the floor was cleared and those who liked dancing enjoyed one of the most informal and pleasant parties which have ever been given by the Country club. Music was furnished by Finney's orchestra of Detroit.

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SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. BURKE

A. H. Burke, of Chicago, whose wife is a former Ypsilanti lady and the sister of Mrs. Carlos Childs, a present resident of the city, died on a Michigan Central train as it was pulling into Jackson this morning.

He had been suffering from consumption for some time and was en route to Ypsilanti from Texas, where he had been spending several months. The remains have been brought to the city.

CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST

During the months of March and April, the Michigan Central will sell One-Way Colonist tickets to California and the northwest at very low rates. Inquire at ticket office or write.

23 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

To cure torpid liver, constipation, loss of appetite, biliousness and all other complaints of the liver, stomach or bowels, take Liver-Lax. A 25 cent little liver pill. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Our Short Waist Suits!

ARE GREAT SELLERS

\$1.50, = \$2.00, = \$3.50

You Ought To See Them.

DAVIS & KISHLAR

This is a Good Time to Purchase

WALL PAPER

In looking over my stock I find many patterns nearly sold out, and to close out will make

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES

I can furnish good workmen now without danger of delay. You can save money by early attention to business. Please call.

Remember also that everything in the Drug Department is handled with the greatest care. Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and at Fair Prices at

FRANK SMITH'S

On The Run After Our 40 and 50c JAPAN TEA

Fine for the price in the city., Elegant Flavor and Beautiful Color in the cup. Also bring in your jug and get a gallon of that FANCY OPEN KETTLE NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES Can't Be Beat.

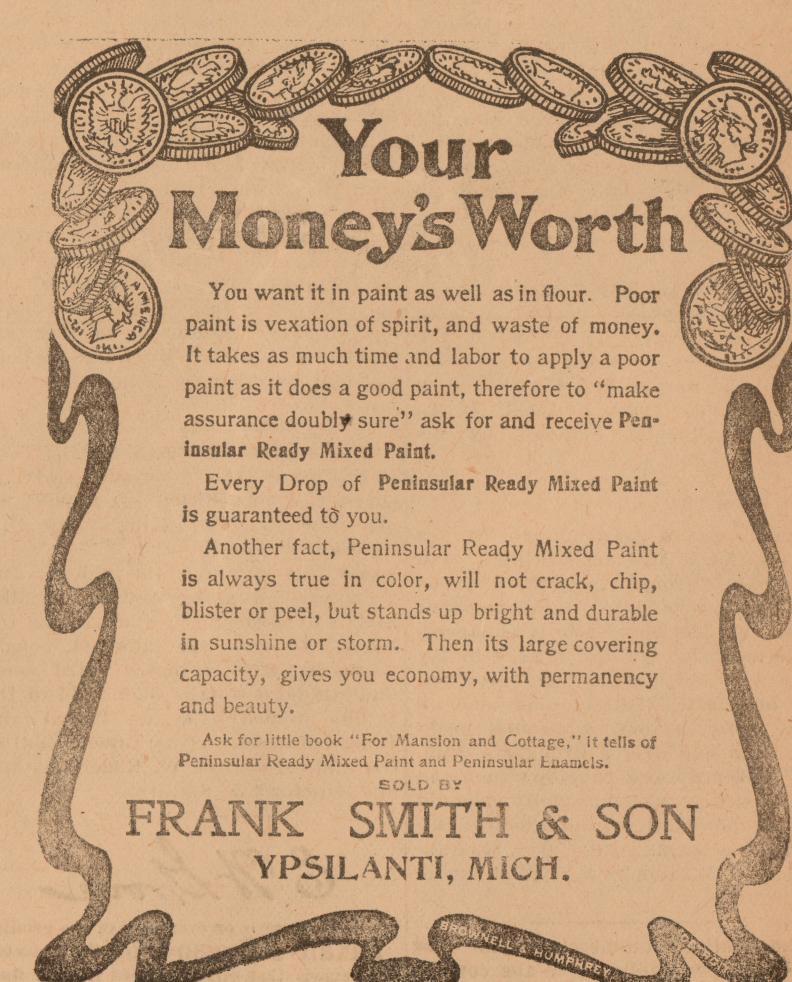
FOR SALE BY

A. A. GRAVES THE GROCER

THE WHITE FRONT,

105 CONGRESS STREET,

BELL PHONE 124



THEIR WORK IS ADVANCING

Efforts of Y. W. C. A. Have
Been Successful

LITTLE DEBT REMAINS

Although the Encumbrance
Two Years Ago Was Heavy
—Election of Officers

The Young Woman's Christian association of the Normal have completed their fiscal year and have elected the following officers and chairmen of committees:

President—Jessie Doty, of Ionia.
Vice President—Donna Stratton, of Troy, O.

Secretary—Lucy Brown, of Traverse City.

Treasurer—Julia Davis of Allegan.
Chairman of Music Committee—Mabel DeFoe of Ypsilanti.

Membership—Donna Stratton.
Social—Marion Richardson, of James-town.

Devotional—Clara Mullenhagen, of Petoskey.

Bible Study—Vinona Beal, of Quaker.

Finance—Julia Davis.

Rooms and Library—Harriett Mudge, of Grand Ledge.

Missionary—Elizabeth Phillips, of St. Clair.

Intercollegiate—Emily Reed, of North East, Pa.

The past year has been a markedly successful one for the association, both in material advancement of the organization and the quality of the work done. The membership is 252, with an average of 75 in attendance upon the Sunday services, and with 100 members in the Bible study classes and 15 in the mission classes.

The association was at one time heavily in debt, but during the past year a determined effort has been made to remove this handicap, with the result that the only outstanding obligation of formidable proportions at present is piano rent, which will in great part be met before the close of the college year.

Besides holding services and religious meetings, the association has been sponsor for numerous pleasant social gatherings, and has acted as intelligence bureau for needy students, with such success that 23 girls have been assisted to work that wholly or in part pays their current expenses.

SELF PROTECTION
demands that you be on the alert to see that you get Painkiller (Perry Davis') when you ask for it; some dealers will try and persuade you to take something else, claimed to be just as good; insist upon getting Painkiller, the remedy which has been the world's family doctor for 60 years; it never fails to stop diarrhoea, griping pains in the stomach or bowels, dysentery, etc. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

LAWYER'S BRILLIANT WORK

Ransom George, the son of Supt. Austin George, of this city, was the attorney for Frank M. Thompson, of Detroit, in the case decided by the Supreme court against the Detroit City Savings bank, in which the court granted Thompson's petition that the receiver of the bank be ordered to apply the amount of Thompson's deposit on the payment of Thompson's notes for \$4,000 held by the bank.

The Supreme Court quotes a decision of the United States Court in a similar case, in which a set-off was allowed and adopts the principles laid down therein. A large number of decisions are cited and the language of several incorporated into the opinion, the court stating in conclusion that as the precise question involved is a new one in this state, but has been passed upon by the federal courts and many of the state courts, it feels bound to follow those decisions, and allow the set-off to be made. "Where a set-off is otherwise valid," says one of the decisions quoted, "it is not perceived how its allowance can be considered a preference, and it is clear that it is only the balance, if any, after the set-off is deducted which can justly be held to form part of the assets of the insolvent."

The case is an important one, as it establishes a precedent, and to have won it is a feather in the cap of the young attorney. Mr. George is a graduate of the Normal and of the literary and law departments of the U. of M., and is confidently believed by his friends to have a brilliant future.

HOLDS UP A CONGRESSMAN.
"At the end of the campaign," writes Champ Clark, Missouri's brilliant congressman, "from overwork, nervous tension, loss of sleep and constant speaking I had about utterly collapsed. It seemed that all the organs in my body were out of order, but three bottles of Electric Bitters made me all right. It's the best all-around medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter." Over worked, run-down men and weak, sickly women gain splendid health and vitality from Electric Bitters. Try them. Only 50c. Guaranteed by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Duane Spalsbury.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

Blood.

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor.

There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain, in body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood.

This is health.

When weak, in low spirits no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutrition in it.

Back of the blood, is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It sets the whole body going again—man woman and child.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A MANSION FOR YPSILANTI

The Detroit Journal of last evening has the following:

The sight of the magnificent residence that Shelly B. Hutchinson, the trading stamp man, is building in a comparatively poor quarter of Ypsilanti, is proving sufficient to arouse again the active interest in the city's real recorded case of a citizen who in scarcely more than half a decade raised his financial rating from nothing to \$1,000,000, as given in Dunn and Bradstreet.

Shelly Hutchinson was known about the city as a bright boy with prospects of developing into a good business man, but he was no different apparently from a hundred or more other young fellows of the same age and station, and when he left home to go into the shoe business in Battle Creek no furore was caused, nor was attention attracted in '94 when he and a friend from Centreville embarked in a new enterprise they called the "trading stamp" business.

In four or five years, however, the papers began to ring with reports of the phenomenal success of the new trading stamps, and now after less than ten years' active work the young Ypsilantian has returned with more than a million dollars to his credit, and an interest in a million-dollar business which is still on the increase.

Young Hutchinson bore with a light heart the penniless days of his youth, and early manhood, and his demeanor as a millionaire is not a whit different. With a palatial home in New York, and any part of the United States or the old world open to him by virtue of his possession of the all-powerful key of wealth, he has chosen to return to the friends of his father and of his younger days, and to erect a \$100,000 residence beside the humble dwelling which sheltered a portion of his earlier days. His manner is as unassuming and cordial as that of his penniless neighbors.

His new Ypsilanti house, which will soon be ready for the furnishers, would present a notable appearance in any surroundings, but on its commanding site on River street it looks up as a veritable palace. The walls are of handsome field stone, and the inside is finished in marble and the most expensive woods, while the arrangement is highly artistic. The height of the balcony is 45 feet, and as the site is in itself a hill of considerable elevation, the upper windows give a view over the entire city to the west and north, and for miles into the country in the direction of Ann Arbor. Twenty-five or more lofty oaks grow in the grounds and the floor of the balcony is just on a level with their upper branches, a height which insures cool breezes in the hottest days of summer. The place is perfectly equipped, among the special features being a swimming pool, a gymnasium, ball room, while it has the conveniences of elevator service and an electric lighting plant.

Mrs. Hutchinson is a charming young woman, well calculated to reign over such an establishment as her husband is now making ready. She is the daughter of a former Ypsilanti lady, but Mr. Hutchinson made her acquaintance in San Francisco, where she and her parents removed several years ago.

REVEALS A GREAT SECRET.

It is often asked how such startling cures, that puzzle the best physicians, are effected by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Here's the secret. It cuts out the phlegm and germ-infected mucus, and lets the life-giving oxygen enrich and vitalize the blood. It heals the inflamed, cough-worn throat and lungs. Hard colds and stubborn coughs soon yield to Dr. King's remedy for all Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed tablets 50c and \$1.00 at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's.

E. H. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

BRITISH TRADE DOOMED

We Give England Her Own Medicine, Says Labouchere.

PIERPONT MORGAN THE CAUSE

Editor of London Truth Sees Fingers on the Wall Spell Ruin of Commercial Supremacy and Writes the Moral of "Morganeering"—John Bull's World Being Turned Upside Down.

Residents of Pendleton, Or., were treated to a most interesting exhibition of equestrian skill a short time ago, when William Walker, ex-guerrilla and scout, arrived in town with his pair of champion broncho busting daughters. William Walker is now fifty-eight years old and served as a Confederate guerrilla under the famous chief Quantrell. At the close of the war he went to Idaho and during the Bannock Indian war was employed as a scout.

About twenty years ago he removed to near Dale, on the north fork of the John Day river, in Umatilla county, Or., where he has been engaged in the raising of horses, sheep and cattle.

About this time he married Maggie Barker, a daughter of John Barker, who was killed at Hopper by Bill Jones in a brawl. The mother of Walker's wife was a Pitt River (Cal.) Indian, and therefore Walker's children are quarter breeds, the strain of Indian blood being very apparent in the girls.

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Female Broncho Busters

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Walker had a very interesting bear fight in 1882 near his home on the John Day. He discovered a cave in a canyon

but no man has yet claimed the reward.

These girls take care of 500 head of horses, a band of 1,500 sheep and numerous cattle, together with their father, performing the entire work of the ranches, including breaking and branding of wild horses and all the other arduous duties which pertain to stock raising.

About one year ago Susie started to round up a bunch of wild horses which seemed on the point of getting away from her. They were on a slightly elevated ridge of rim rock which was so narrow that she was unable to pass them and head them off, whereupon, without the slightest hesitation, she spurred her broncho off the edge of the ledge on a dead run and landed on the level ground, nine feet below, without being dismounted or injuring her horse, and succeeded in turning the band back and rounding them up.

The horse upon which she performed this remarkable feat is a thoroughbred for which her father gave fifteen of his best horses and the same which she rode into Pendleton.

Marcialette, the oldest, is no less a dexterous horsewoman than Susie and is an artist in all the branches of her profession, but she is also famous as an expert shot with a rifle. About one year ago she took a few days off from the routine business of the range and went into the mountains for game. In less than two weeks she killed and sent home from the woods twenty-six deer, without counting coyotes, jack rabbits and mountain lions. From this it is apparent that Miss Marcialette could give President Roosevelt, his rough riders and their strenuous life cards and spades in any little game of horsemanship or animal slaying and win without half trying.

Having disposed of their band of horses, the young ladies left for home on horseback.

Submarine Warriors Of the Future

"For fifty years we preached this gospel and acted up to it religiously. Now comes a little turning of tables. With a much larger population and immeasurably greater natural resources, the United States offers a field for the accumulation of greater wealth than we can ever aspire to.

"Americans, in their turn, now aspire to regenerate the world by American capital and American enterprise. They practice upon us the doctrine which we so long applied to the rest of mankind. They acquire our underground railways with the kindly view of showing us how to work those antiquated undertakings profitably. They propose to provide poor old London with tramways and tubes which its people are too poor or too stupid to construct themselves. They acquire half the tobacco trade of these islands to confer upon us the benefits of being supplied with American goods on American principles. Lastly—for the present—they lay sacrificial hands on the shipping, by means of which Britannia rules the waves."

"No wonder John Bull is in a comic state of consternation. The world from his point of view is being turned completely upside down. He is no longer 'on top,' but underneath. Instead of the exploiter he is becoming exploited."

"For about twenty years we have been beset with the craze of acquiring in the most out of the way parts of the world new openings for British capital and new markets for British goods. The craze has colored all our national thoughts and policy. While we have been pursuing this phantom what has the foreigner been doing? He, too, seeks an opening abroad for his surplus capital and a foreign market for his surplus goods. And where does he first find them? In England.

"While we seek to extend the area of our commerce and our investments by acquiring control of countries which have no wants, the manufacturers and investors of Germany and America find in this country the finest opening in the world. While we sink millions on the construction of railways through the African continent, which cannot yield a return within the life of the present generation or perhaps the next, the American capitalist discovers his millions in improving the means of locomotion in London.

"Individual fools have often enough dropped the substance to grasp its shadow, but never before has a whole nation deliberately committed itself to this folly. Our supremacy in trade and commerce is not only threatened, but doomed.

"Yet by utilizing to the best advantage our resources in raw material, capital and labor we can hold our own, even if we are forced to see Germany and America increase their output faster than we can. It is only by the stupidity of squandering our capital in foreign countries, overlooking the opportunity of employment at home, that foreign capital can supplant Britain in any home industry.

"When he came to Pendleton recently, he brought with him his two eldest girls, Marcialette, familiarly known as Babe, aged eighteen and who tips the scales at 160 pounds, and Susie, aged sixteen, weight 145 pounds. The girls were in charge of a band of horses which they had driven from John Day river, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. The arrival of this party with their horses produced a great sensation in Pendleton. The girls, who rode astride and managed their ponies with the utmost grace and dexterity, wore cowboy hats, men's coats, Dolly Varden calico dresses, heavy shoes, thick woolen stockings, loosely tied handkerchiefs about their necks, and their faces were as brown as berries from exposure to the elements. This was their holiday attire, for service when on dress parade in a large city, but when riding the range at home they wear the typical cowboy dress, consisting of wide brimmed sombreros, overalls, "chaps," high top boots and spurs.

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They reputation as horsewomen extends all through the bunch grass regions, and they have a standing offer of \$100 reward for any cowboy who will perform any feat of horsemanship which they will not equal or surpass.

Edward McHarnes, an employee of a knitting works at Pontiac, Mich., went into a room one night to clean a shaft which was making more revolutions in a minute than all South America ever had. When McHarnes came to, he was lying on the floor, with only shoes and stockings on his feet. No bones were broken, however, and as it was a dark night McHarnes got home without scandalizing the neighborhood.

but no man has yet claimed the reward.

These girls take care of 500 head of horses, a band of 1,500 sheep and numerous cattle, together with their father, performing the entire work of the ranches, including breaking and branding of wild horses and all the other arduous duties which pertain to stock raising.

About one year ago Susie started to round up a bunch of wild horses which seemed on the point of getting away from her. They were on a slightly elevated ridge of rim rock which was so narrow that she was unable to pass them and head them off, whereupon, without the slightest hesitation, she spurred her broncho off the edge of the ledge on a dead run and landed on the level ground, nine feet below, without being dismounted or injuring her horse, and succeeded in turning the band back and rounding them up.

The horse upon which she performed this remarkable feat is a thoroughbred for which her father gave fifteen of his best horses and the same which she rode into Pendleton.

Marcialette, the oldest, is no less a dexterous horsewoman than Susie and is an artist in all the branches of her profession, but she is also famous as an expert shot with a rifle. About one year ago she took a few days off from the routine business of the range and went into the mountains for game. In less than two weeks she killed and sent home from the woods twenty-six deer, without counting coyotes, jack rabbits and mountain lions. From this it is apparent that Miss Marcialette could give President Roosevelt, his rough riders and their strenuous life cards and spades in any little game of horsemanship or animal slaying and win without half trying.

Having disposed of their band of horses, the young ladies left for home on horseback.

Submarine Warriors Of the Future

The submarine sailor is the newest French idea. He is the child of the brain of M. Robida, who has written and illustrated a book to prove that he will be tremendously dangerous in the naval warfare of the near future.

Without going into details M. Robida's submarine will wear a handsome and comfortable uniform modeled after a diver's working clothes. This uniform will be armored with thin, pliable steel plates and so sufficiently protected to guard the submarine against the attacks of great fishes.

He will carry with him his own stock of oxygen and his own supply of electricity, which will propel him here, there, up, down, in any direction, with almost incredible rapidity.

Projecting from his helmet will be an offensive and defensive weapon strongly resembling the bill of a huge bird.

This weapon will be interchangeable with other instruments; for instance, with an auger when he sets out to scuttle an enemy's cruiser. He will be armed with a tremendously sharp battle-axe. His "Achilles heel," his only vulnerable points, will be the thick plates of glass in his helmet.

How frightful will be the lonely combat between two hostile submarines,



SHE SPURRED HER BRONCHO OVER THE LEDGE.

</

EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. WINIFRED'S—MORNING.

WHEN the sun had been up three hours, it was able to look over a low portion of St. Winifred's building and see the window of the room where Elsie lay asleep. The sudden increase of light awoke her, and she found that Brenda was holding both her hands.

"I was afraid you would move too much and hurt yourself," said she. "I knew you must wake soon. How do you feel?"

Elsie winked her eyes and twisted the left corner of her mouth with the air of one who is testing a bruise to see how sore it is.

"There was a girl who felt better once a long time ago," she said, "but it doesn't matter. Haven't you been to bed all this night?"

"I have slept on the couch," replied Brenda. "My maid brought down this loose gown, and I've been very comfortable. I have had some things brought from your house too."

"Did you get my little silver mirror?" asked Elsie, with eagerness. "Oh, how good of you! Please let me have it."

Brenda gave her the mirror, and she gazed long and intently into it; then she sighed and laid down the glass.

"All gone," she said. "Well, that doesn't matter either. Nothing matters any more. But I used to think I would be pretty when I was dead."

"So you will, my dear," answered Brenda. "You'll have a sweater, prettier face than you have now—the dearest old grandmother's face, with beautiful white curls all around—and the children who come to kiss you will cry like a little shower on a May morning, but they will be better children afterward, for they will want to live the life that brings such happy sleep at the end of it."

"I wish I could say things like that," said Elsie. "Even if they aren't true they make people feel good. I—look—fierce! Don't I, honestly?"

"Fierce!" echoed Brenda. "Why, anything else in the world, I should say."

"That's slang," said Elsie. "It merely means terrible."

"Well, I'd hardly agree to that word either," said Brenda. "You don't inspire any terror in me. You're only a little bit pale, and perhaps you have cried too much."

"You must think I am a perfect baby. Really it isn't so. I have borne some things in this life fairly well. I would bear much more and be as happy as any girl if I only knew how. But there's no way. My life is in a tangle that cannot be unwound. I just simply can't go on, Brenda. That's what I said when I opened my eyes in this room the first time and while I lay thinking before I would let Dr. Kendall know I was conscious. There is no way, absolutely no way!"

Her voice began to tremble, but she resolutely checked the tendency.

"How everything settles down on you in the morning!" she said. "You wake so happy. Perhaps you have dreamed of the pleasantest things. I almost always dream of people I like and of being with them in the fields or abroad somewhere in a strange city and all dressed up in the most wonderful clothes, and then the reality begins to come down, like—like a great ball of rags. I saw them loading a barge with rags once—she was alongside a steamer—and I always remembered how those dirty, heavy, stifling bales came down. They were like life."

"My mother is prostrated," said Elsie, her eyes filling with tears, "and I shall never see her again."

"I assure you that you will," replied Kendall earnestly, "and by the way, here's a letter from her. It came this morning, I was told. There was no other mail for you."

"It's strange what has become of Mr. Alden's letter," said Elsie, "the one he mentioned in that note."

"Do you mean that you didn't receive it?" exclaimed Brenda.

Elsie shook her head.

"It didn't come," she said.

Kendall did not understand the significance of this, as he had no accurate knowledge of the contents of the note. He arose and moved toward the door, Brenda accompanying him.

"If you should chance to meet Mr. Elendorf this morning," said she, "perhaps it would be better not to mention what you have just heard."

"About the letter?"

"Yes."

"I will not speak of it," said Kendall, "and as to the message which I shall take to Mr. Alden from Miss Miller, while of course I attach no sinister meaning to it, I shall take pains to forget it immediately."

"We cannot know what it is that she wishes him to put out of his mind," said Brenda. "Perhaps his love for her."

"We will take that view of it," replied Kendall.

At this moment a nurse came to take instructions about breakfast for Brenda and the patient, and she brought word that Mr. MacLane was in the reception room, very anxious to see his daughter.

than a physician. She was surprised and a little ashamed to find that this was true.

As for Kendall, he was all doctor that morning. He had been detained from Elsie longer than he would have wished, and that strange thing which



"I was so afraid."

even then he thought that my objection was altogether to the money and not to the wedding. Remember that I was not much calmer than he, and you will have some idea of the confusion. Oh, Brenda, how can I talk to you like this? And you don't seem to care in the least. Are we all crazy together?"

"Some of us have been so perhaps," said Brenda, "but this morning I think we are all particularly sane."

"It was wrong, of course, to let him come to see me," Elsie continued. "But it must end soon, and it was so little, and you would have so much. You know in those days I hated you, envied you, lay awake at night to think bitter thoughts about you, with your beauty and position and luxury! Oh, I saw you! I walked up and down in front of your house for an hour one day until you came out and got into your carriage. And I wished the horses would run away with you, and just as the thought flashed into my mind one of them began to prance, and I actually prayed out loud, because I was so afraid he really would run, after I had wished it."

The rhetorical value of this speech was somewhat marred by the circumstance that Elsie's face was being washed while it was delivered. Having rendered this service, Brenda began to arrange her patient's hair.

"I feel so small and shabby outside your house," said Elsie. "You can't have any idea of it. Fancy that man full of servants, all yours, and there was I who was in need of shoes. I don't mean to say they were full of holes or anything like that, but they didn't look very nice, and I couldn't afford to buy a new pair, for I was saying every penny. My mother and I have a little income, and I was down to that, for I hadn't had an engagement since February. I suppose you never wasted your time thinking about me—after you knew there was such a girl!"

I never knew there was such a girl," replied Brenda, "until I saw you in this room. The girl I thought about never existed. And now let me say this: There is no rivalry between us. There are matches so manifestly made in heaven that even a woman's jealousy must admit the divine sanction. So don't think of sparing my feelings, as my New England aunt expresses it, or 'being polite,' to use your own phrase for the same idea. You and Mr. Alden were made for each other. If I had been writing a book or a play, I might have tried to create two people so perfectly reciprocal. The way is made smooth for me to be a friend to both of you."

Elsie turned her head suddenly and kissed Brenda's hand. Then she relapsed into thought which culminated in her saying:

"You couldn't have loved him. I ought not to say that, of course, but it's true. Divine sanction hasn't anything to do with jealousy. They don't come from the same locality. I have always been jealous whenever I have been in love."

She looked up out of the corner of her eye to catch the effect of the shock.

"Whenever you have been in love," cried Brenda. "I hope it hasn't happened often."

"Well, not so very often," replied Elsie. "I remember being in love with an actor once for as much as two weeks. You spoke about putting Mr. Alden and me into a play. Well, this man resembled Mr. Alden, and we were in the same aggregation of geniuses. He was just as much like Mr. Alden as the man they get to play Napoleon in a third rate road company production of 'Sans Gene' is like the real Napoleon. They pick out a fellow with the right kind of nose. However, I loved him with a consuming ardor. I remember leaning out of a window of a fierce little hotel in a jay town in the west to watch him sitting on a fence in the moonlight, smoking a cigar after the show. I imagined that he might be thinking of me. By and by another fellow in the company came along and asked him if he was enjoying the moon. And my idol said: 'To—some—where—with the moon. I was waiting for you to buy me a drink.' It wasn't very bad, but it was coarse, and I didn't love him any more after that, and as he had never taken the slightest notice of me the romance was not serious except that I caught an awful cold leaning out of that window. Now, why did I tell you that story, Brenda?"

"Because it is amusing, I suppose," said Brenda, surprised by the question.

"Because at that time I was not quite 17 years old," said Elsie, "and I was traveling around the country alone. My mother was not strong enough to go with me, and we both needed money very badly."

While Brenda was striving to grasp the full meaning of this, being well assured that Elsie spoke with a definite purpose, there came a rap at the door, announcing the morning visit of Dr. Kendall. Brenda was sufficiently and very becomingly attired, and not so much as a single shining thread of her hair showed the smallest disarray, yet she could not help feeling a sense of disadvantage. Having leaned upon the conventionalities quite steadily all her life, she had come to need them, and Dr. Kendall was to her a young man whom she had met in society rather

than a physician. She was surprised and a little ashamed to find that this was true.

As for Kendall, he was all doctor that morning. He had been detained from Elsie longer than he would have wished, and that strange thing which

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THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

\$1.00 Per Year. Strictly in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice in Ypsilanti, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

POINTS OF THE GOVERNMENT CASE.

The case of the government against the alleged beef trust has been begun in the United States circuit court at Chicago. The petition filed for an injunction asks for a hearing on the charges on May 20th. The allegations in the petition are that the members of the trust are Armour, Swift, Hammond, Morris Cudahy, Schwarzchild and Sulzberger and that they control 60 per cent of the fresh meat business of the country.

That they conspire to refrain from bidding against each other, except perfumorily, and thus cause stock sellers to receive less for their stock than they would but for the trust.

That packers conspire to bid up prices for a few days and thus cause live stock men to rush large consignments of stock to market.

That when a large supply is in the pens they then drive prices below the normal and compell the stock men to sell at a loss.

That the packers conspire to fix the prices of fresh meat, both here and abroad, to dealers and consumers.

That they hold secret meetings at which fixed prices are agreed upon and which are not to be deviated from.

That they restrict the amount of shipments when such action is profitable to themselves and that they impose penalties upon each other for breaking agreements.

That they have a uniform rule of credits.

That they keep a "black list" and refuse to sell to such delinquents.

That they impose a uniform cartage charge upon dealers and consumers, whereas without the combination, no charges whatever would be made.

That they receive through rebates unlawful rates from railroads.

Therefore, in view of these unlawful doings, the government asks that the trust be restrained from doing any and all these things which are contrary to law, that the trust be required to produce its books, papers and documents relative to its dealings, and that subpoenas be issued to bring into court for testimony the owners and managers of the companies constituting the combination.

It is said that the government has the strongest kind of evidence on all the different points enumerated. The government will lay bare the methods resorted to by the combine to accomplish its ends. The innermost workings of the railroads in their relations to the packers will be brought before the courts. The prosecution promises to be a most interesting one and it is alleged will show clearly how this great combination places its hand, as it were, in the pocket of every consumer of meat and takes therefrom an unlawful profit.

The speeches being made in the senate these days by republican senators are given over to extolling the American soldier and Fourth of July sentiments relative to the American flag. Some of the pretty ways in which these orators play on these two things are most attractive. No one for a minute disputes any of them. All are agreed, of course, as to the bravery and courage of the American soldier and what he has done from the foundation of the government to now. The flag is also conceded to be very pretty and to stand for the things they claim. No one will challenge the good republican senators on either of these points. There is no difference of opinion among our people on these points. But they have little to say, in fact nothing, about the cruelties and acts of barbarism in the Philippines, which are the real points of discussion. It simply means that the republicans think they have more to gain by dodging the issue than by meeting it squarely. They seem to think by saying these things about the flag and the bravery of the American soldier they can blind the people and turn their attention from the deplorable happenings in the Philippines. They may succeed in doing this, but we doubt it. What is indefensible and a blot on our fair name over there cannot be successfully defended before the American people.

Congressman Smith has two lone delegates from Ypsilanti city. They are on the delegation from the First ward. They are there simply by the graciousness of the other fellows.

WILL BE DOUBLED OR TREBLED IF NECESSARY.

Later reports going to show that the terrible calamity to the people of St. Pierre, island of Martinique, is fully as bad if not worse than at first reported, led congress yesterday to appropriate \$200,000 for the relief of the sufferers. President Roosevelt in a special message to congress recommended that \$500,000 be appropriated. The treasury, war and navy departments will co-operate in rushing relief to the sufferers. Supplies of all kinds will be rushed to the sufferers at the earliest possible moment.

This is but an act of humanity and is commanded by every sentiment and faculty of human kind. The calamity to the hapless people of Martinique by which some thirty or forty thousand lives were almost instantly wiped out and fifty thousand or more others rendered homeless and destitute of every human comfort is one calculated to stir the heart and mind of all to action looking to immediate relief. And if the sum appropriated does not meet the demands, another like appropriation should follow this one. The Great Republic is so situated that it can extend the much needed relief soonest and a duty was never more manifest. It is praiseworthy that the government has so promptly responded to this crying need. While the act is one of common humanity, it will none the less make a lasting impression on our friend, the Great French Republic, and will be remembered to our credit by the French people for years to come.

Another great coal strike is on and 145,000 men are out in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. There is every evidence that the coal trust has practiced upon the miners the same methods they have inflicted upon the coal consumers. There probably is not a more grasping trust in the country and none in position to absolutely carry out its mandates with more unyielding strictness than the hard coal trust. The price of coal to the remotest consumer in the country is fixed by the trust. The so-called retailers are almost as much at the mercy of the trust as the miners themselves. The price they must sell coal for is fixed for them by the trust. They dare not deviate from these prices for the penalty of such action would be the cutting off of their supply. The miners are ground down to conditions not far removed from slavery. Their wages are little more than half what the wages are in the bituminous coal fields. This difference is due in large part to the fact that they are not as well organized as the bituminous coal miners. The demands of the miners seem to be just and fair and it is to be hoped they will succeed in extorting from their hard taskmasters their dues. The strike is justified and ought to have the moral support of the people generally.

The fate which is reported to have befallen St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique, is terrible to contemplate. By an eruption of a volcano on the island on Thursday it is said 40,000 persons lost their lives, practically the whole town being wiped out. If reports prove to be true, it is one of the worst events of the kind in modern years. The island of Martinique is of volcanic origin and the most important of the volcanoes is Mt. Peele, some 4,000 feet in height and always warm from the great heat within. It has been in a state of eruption now for more than a week. St. Pierre is the nearest town and has a population of some 160,000. This has probably been considerably augmented by the fleeing inhabitants of the adjoining plantations which have been flooded by the burning lava. If the vessels in the harbor were only able to pick up 50 of the people, it may be that more complete information will make the calamity even worse than it now appears.

It is said that the Michigan Central railroad on its main line has taken in more money from its passenger traffic since it went to a two-cent fare than when it charged three cents. If this be true it would not seem that it has any reason to ask the state for \$27,000,000 in the way of compensation for its surrender of its special charter. Having so good a friend as Governor Bliss in the executive office may be the convincing point in the matter just at present. Such corporations are not at all modest about such matters, let the facts be as they may.

There is a report that the Hon. William Judson would like to hold down a position on the Ann Arbor board of public works. If this legend has any foundation in fact, the question naturally arises, What is the motive? Surely the Red Chieftain is not toying with the congressional ambition of Mayor Copeland?

Congressman Smith has two lone delegates from Ypsilanti city. They are on the delegation from the First ward. They are there simply by the graciousness of the other fellows.

DOINGS IN PITTSFIELD

Pittsfield, May 6—Mr. Frank Cubitt of Grand Rapids, was home last week to see his parents and other friends. He is a barber in Grand Rapids.

There is Sunday school at the Roberts school house every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Deacon W. J. Canfield is superintendent.

Farmers will plant a large acreage of beans in this township this season. They pay better than meat.

Mr. C. Cubitt intends putting in two acres of tomatoes for the coming factory at Ypsilanti.

There is a fair prospect for fruit in Pittsfield.

Miss Hattie Walker, of Saline, teaches school in the Roberts district this season.

Wages are somewhat higher in Pittsfield this season than last year.

Coughs and colds, down to the very borderland of consumption, yield to the soothing, healing influences of Dr. Wood's Norway Pin Syrup.

HAPPENINGS IN MILAN

Milan, Mich., May 14—The snow fell to the depth of three inches and it was a strange sight to see the citizens out shoveling the walks on May 10. Some of our residents remember a heavy fall of snow 27 years ago on the last of May, when it fell to the depth of several inches.

Mrs. W. H. Houseman returned from Wauseon, Ohio, the last of the week.

Mr. George Steidle has changed his employment from a clerk in Juckets store to carpenter work with his father-in-law, Daniel Bell.

Mr. Harry Edwards has moved into one of the Blakeslee cottages on Marvin st.

Mrs. Mary Wallace has had one of her houses on Court st. repapered by Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. W. R. Seavey has returned to her home in Fort Wayne after a five weeks sojourn with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kelly.

Mr. Charles Gauntlett has returned from her Detroit trip where he attended the stockholders meeting of the Los Reyes Gold Mine of which he is a stockholder.

Rev. Ed. Knickerbocker, of Nebraska, stopped over last Sunday, en route to New York city, and visited his parents here. He is a delegate from Nebraska to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church this week in New York.

The Christian Endeavorers held a left-hand social at the parlors of the Presbyterian church Friday evening.

Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Zimmerman, and Mrs. Seavey were in Detroit Tuesday on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin entertained their niece, Miss Edna Baldwin of Monroe last Sunday.

Mr. Charles Townsend, of Jackson, was in Milan a few days ago, looking over the political field.

Miss K. Inman, who has rooms in Mrs. Stimpson's house on East Main st. is quite ill.

Mr. Chas. Coe is seriously ill with brain trouble. Dr. Herdman of Ann Arbor, has been called to see him.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

EXCURSION.

Sunday, May 18, Michigan Central to DETROIT.

Leaves Ypsilanti 8:55 a. m.; returning

Leaves Detroit 7:30 p. m. Forty cents round trip; children 20 cents. Bicycles and baby cars free.

21 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

EXCURSIONS TO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS—LAKE SHORE RY.

On May 17, 18 and 19, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. will sell excursion tickets to both St. Paul and Minneapolis at the rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.

Tickets will be good returning to leave those cities until June 30. Particulars from ticket agent or by writing to A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O. 21

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND PORT LAND, ORE., EXCURSIONS—LAKE SHORE RY.

May 26 to June 7 inclusive, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. will sell excursion tickets at less than half rates to San Francisco and Portland and return, good returning for sixty (60) days. Stop over will be allowed in certain western states. For full particulars ask ticket agents or write A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O. 21

SPECIAL ROUND TRIP SUNDAY RATES.

Sunday excursion tickets to all points on the Michigan Central will be sold, good returning on day of sale only, at one and one-half cents per mile each way. Tickets good on all trains.

31 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

THE STANDARD MFG. CO., 23 Jackson, Mich.

NATIONAL BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.

St. Paul, Minn., May 20.

Special excursion tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and return will be sold May 17, 18 and 19. Good

returning to May 29, at a single fare, plus \$2, for the round trip. An extension of limit to June 30, may be obtained upon payment of 50 cents.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

FOR SALE OR RENT—HOUSE AND ONE-HALF ACRE OF LAND ON HAWKINS STREET, HARD AND SOFT WATER.

Cheap to right party. John O. Baxter, 445 Harriet street, phone 358-2r.

Read the Sentinel-Commercial.

NEWS ABOUT WILLIS FOLKS

Willis, May 13.—Mrs. C. H. Finney visited her daughter, May Robinson, in Milan last Sunday.

Miss Mary O'Brien, of Ypsilanti, is spending a few days at her old home with her mother.

Miss Grace Champion, of Jackson, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Hammond, for a while.

Henry Fullington has built a new woodhouse.

Mrs. Sarah Hammond and daughter Alice have got the mumps.

Alfred C. Smith has moved his barn to the north side of the road.

Fred Roberts is sick in bed with the mumps.

There is a new station agent at this place in place of George S. Bethell, deceased.

One day last week our depot came near being destroyed by fire from a spark from a locomotive.

A man by the name of Towler has moved into the S. P. Ballard tenant house. He is a section hand on the Wabash railroad.

Mrs. Ina Champion had another poor spell last week.

John M. Greenman, who is at work in Ypsilanti, spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents in the Island district.

W. C. & C. R. Greenman have bought a horse to use in connection with their papering and painting business.

The base ball club of Whittaker had a nice dance last Friday night.

The Willis Tent of Maccabees elected Bert Youngs as delegate last Monday night to the grand review to be held at Marquette next June.

Mrs. Thomas O'Brien has got home after attending the funeral of her father, Mr. Jabin Strong, of Somerset Center.

Miss Jessie Greenman is able to be out around again after being confined to the house two weeks with the mumps.

R. F. Walters is having his store painted.

Frank Ealy has gone to work for Thomas Gotts at the carpenter trade.

A republican caucus will be held at the Augusta town hall Saturday, May 17, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., to elect S delegates to the county convention to be held in Ann Arbor May 19.

Mrs. Wm. A. Heath has a daughter visiting with her from Dakota.

The section hands at Willis are laying out a park around the depot.

W. B. Sherman is getting the house formerly owned by Wm. H. Ostrander painted and papered.

Arthur Roberts has got the addition to his store up and enclosed.

Mrs. Julia Carroll, of Ypsilanti, was visiting at John Ryan's last Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Finney and Mrs. F. G. Norman were around one day last week soliciting hash, turnips, bread and butter, etc., for a charity ball to be given at Whittakers' Corners next Friday evening, May 16.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of our section foreman, is visiting relatives in Indiana.

Charlie Johnson is in a serious condition with inflammatory rheumatism.

Bert Youngs made a business trip to Detroit last Friday.

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EXCURSIONS TO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS—LAKE SHORE RY.

FISH OR FLESH

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY STORY...

By Peter McArthur

Copyright, 1901, by Peter McArthur

ELLEN CALLAHAN was standing at the door of her father's house watching the St. Patrick's day procession file past on its way to the church, where there was to be a special mass for the United Descendants of the Irish Pioneers. Suddenly a joke flashed into the head of Tim Carson, and he couldn't hold it in, though he well knew what the result would be.

"See that you don't make fish of one and flesh of the other, Ellen, darling," he called to her. Everybody in the procession roared, "Ellen blushed furiously and Will Ryan, who was carrying the banner of the order, stiffened himself straighter than ever and registered a vow to thrash Tim Carson.

Inspired by the success of Carson's joke, Mike McGrath thought he, too, would have his fling and bawled:

"Ellen, remember it must be the whole hog and all or none at all!"

While the crowd was laughing at this fresh sally Dan Halloran, who was riding at the head of the procession, gave the patient horse he strode a vicious cut with his switch and swore under his breath that Mike McGrath would carry his features in a sling for at least a month after this blessed day. At the second gibe Ellen had darted back into the friendly shelter of the house, where her mother was laughing fit to kill herself.

"Sure, it is your own fault, Ellen, if they do be joking with you. Why don't you make up your mind which one of them you want?"

"Perhaps I'd better wait till I'm asked," said Ellen.

"Tut!" said her mother, with asperits. "Everybody in the whole settlement knows that Will Ryan and Dan Halloran are just crazy after you, and you needn't tell me, as often as you have been to picnics and odes with one or the other of them or have come home from the church with them, that they have never asked you."

"Well, I have never given them my promise, then." And she tossed her crown of bushy red hair defiantly.

"Oh, of course, I don't want you to take any one you don't want to, but Dan Halloran is a fine boy."

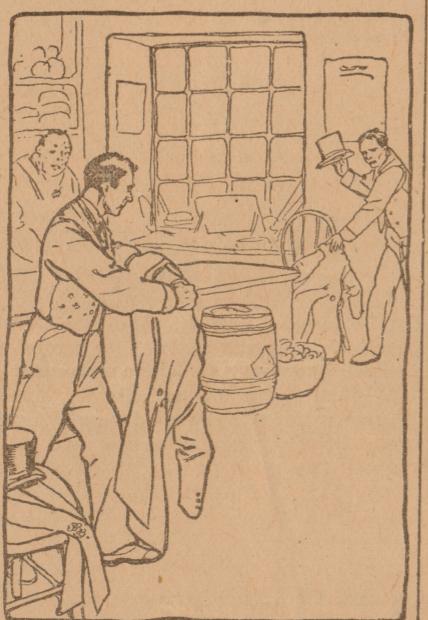
"He's all right when he's working in the coalyard in the winter, but he is always dead broke in the summer when the extra men are laid off."

"Well, Will Ryan always has enough when the fish are running in the summer time."

"Yes, and all winter he would want me to live on 'potatoes and point,' as his folks before him did in Ireland."

But, despite her objections, these two young men occupied more of Ellen's thoughts than she would confess even to herself. She well knew that her happiness depended on making a choice between them, but which would she have? While she was in the city working as a housemaid for the past few months, it being her duty to help support the still growing family of Callahans, Dan had his fat months and was able to pay her several visits, on which occasions he urged his suit vehemently. The same months were Will Ryan's lean months; but, though he could not go to see her, he could write letters, and he devoted his leisure to writing such fine ones that he kept his rival from gaining an undue advantage, and, now that Ellen had

months on the summer residents. At least three generations have elapsed since it was first settled by Irish fisherman who followed in the new world the art that had been practiced for untold generations by their ancestors in the ever loved island. They fished profusely every summer and starved cheerfully every winter till the development of the town and surrounding country gave rise to new industries. The clearing away of the forests made it necessary to have a coalyard, and when one was established Dan Halloran had been induced to work in it every winter. It is true that he might have fished in the summer and so have been prosperous all the year round, but, with the fatuity of a certain class of laborers, he looked on his work of handling coal as something of a profession, and when he was laid off in the summer he disdained to do anything else. In this he was no worse than all his friends and neighbors, who regarded their occupations in the same way, and Will Ryan really could not think



RYAN IMMEDIATELY STRIPPED OFF HIS COAT AND REGALIA.

and immediately stripped off his coat and regalia. In the meantime Carson had done the same, and a moment later there was howling ring around them ready to see fair play. There was no need of any explanations, for both Ryan and Halloran had been teased unmercifully about their devotion to Ellen and the part that Murphy's pig might play in winning her decision provided she wished to start housekeeping. Both men clinched after a couple of futile swings that missed their mark, and for the next few seconds the fight was a snarling jumble of legs and arms, out of which Ryan's face finally emerged with a bloody nose and cut lip. But he was on top, and a moment later was profusely bleeding his enemy, sitting on his stomach and smashing his gnarled knuckles into his face.

"Enough, enough!" roared Carson, and the crowd closed in and separated them, for that was their idea of fair play. The fighters then washed off the blood at best they could, shook hands and adjourned with their friends to Donnelly's saloon to have a drink with the victor, which the saloon keeper kindly hung up until the first lucky day of fishing. But before they had finished this ceremony with much laughter a shout told them that Halloran was attending to the ease of the other joker. As in the first case, the man who was battling for the love of his lady came out victorious and made merry with his friends.

By this time the last guess for the hog had been received, and the grocer and his assistants were busy with the work of killing and dressing it. Dan's interest in this was so keen that he couldn't help waiting to see the carcass weighed, and the treatment he had given Mike McGrath made every one else who might feel humorous keep a civil tongue in his head. But while Dan was watching the weighing Will had taken time by the forelock and had hurried away to see Ellen.

"If I win, I'll hear of it soon enough," he said, and he counted every minute not spent with his idol as worse than wasted.

"For the love of the saints," exclaimed Mrs. Callahan as she opened the door, "what happened to you?"

Will smiled a thick, swollen smile and carried himself with the air of the man in the picture who says, "But you ought to see the other fellow," as he replied: "I just had a bit of an argument with Tim Carson for being so fresh with Ellen this morning."

"But what did you do to McGrath for his impudence?" asked Ellen after shaking hands and laughing at his war-worn appearance.

"Oh," said Will, with a frown, "Dan Halloran thought it was some of his business to look after him."

"Well," said Ellen saucily, "I guess it was as much of his business as it



ELLEN MADE A LAUGHING RUSH AT HIM WITH A BROOM.

was of yours." Then she realized that Dan had not come to see her, and she exclaimed, with an exasperating air of alarm:

"But he didn't get hurt, did he? Oh, he didn't get hurt?"

Will smothered his wrath as best he could and assured her that Dan was all right, for he knew she would be for running away to nurse him if he said he was hurt, such being the way of women.

"Oh, he's all right," he said, with a fine show of irony, "but he had to stay and spark the pig at Murphy's while I thought it more to my taste to come and spark you."

"Spark the pig?" asked Ellen. "I have heard enough about you wanting that pig yourself."

"True for you, but I only wanted to sell it. But Dan is like the fellow in the old schoolbook:

"He could not love you, dear, so much Loved he not shore ribs more."

At this sally Ellen made a laughing rush at him with a broom in her hand, and he dodged into the woodshed. Her mother heard a short struggle in the darkness into which Ellen had followed him and laughed quietly, for she had been young herself. A minute or so later Dan burst into the house, yelling: "I won the pig! I won the pig, Ellen, I won the pig!"

"You can't fool him on pigs!" called Ryan's voice out of the darkness. "He was raised among them." Ellen's laughter was heard applauding this honored jest, and when they appeared a moment later arm in arm Dan knew it was all over.

"I guess, Dan," said Mrs. Callahan, "that this is a case of fish, not flesh."

"I'll see you before you get home tonight, William Ryan!" Dan exclaimed menacingly as he started toward the door.

"I shall be delighted to have some conversation with you," answered Ryan politely. Then he and Ellen received the blessings and congratulations of her mother and the rest of the family.

SPOKE OF "CLIFF DWELLERS"

An interesting stereopticon lecture on "The Cliff Dwellers" was given by George L. Cole, of Los Angeles, at Normal hall last Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Students' Christian Association.

Mr. Cole has spent many years among the ruins and monuments of the cliff and cave dwellers, and has a vast fund of information which he has woven into a narrative of human interest, that with the many views made up an enjoyable and interesting evening's entertainment.

He spoke first of the different theories of the origin of the Cliff Dwellers and of their evident disappearance, which latter is evidenced by the fact that in many of the dwellings the remains of food were found, some of which had evidently been left half cooked.

Views were given of the wonderful ruins and monuments in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, showing the great commercial buildings, the castles and palaces, the watch towers and fortifications and the immense irrigation systems.

Mr. Cole had many pictures of the relics discovered by himself, which included mummies, skeletons, pottery, stone and bone implements, musical instruments and fragments covered with picture writing. The lecture was closed with a comparison of the ancient and so-called modern Cliff Dwellers.

STANDS LIKE A STONE WALL
Between your children and the tortures of itching and burning eczema, scaldhead or other skin diseases.—Why? by using Bucklin's Aricna Salve, earth's greatest healer. Quickest cure for Ulcers, Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, or Bruises. Infallible for Piles. 25¢ at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spalsbury's drug stores.

Quill Pens.
Up to about 1830 quill pen making was a requisite and gentle accomplishment which formed part of the education of the youth of the period.

HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW.
I could not sleep, was dizzy and any work tired me. Doctors gave me no hope. They told me Bright's disease had taken firm hold on my kidneys. As a last resort I purchased one box of Kid-Ne-Oids. I received immediate relief and continued their use until cured.

Please publish this as I want others to know that Kid-Ne-Oids do cure, John O'Neill, Altoona, Pa. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

STATE LINES.

Iowa leads all the other states in the Union in number of cattle, chickens and cabinet officers. Iowa should leave a few firsts for other states.—Omaha Bee.

Connecticut keeps on electing labor mayors in her principal cities, that state will soon be in a fair way to become the New Zealand of the United States.—Rochester Post-Express.

Read the Sentinel-Commercial.

The EGGS
the coffee roaster uses to glaze his coffee with—would you eat that kind of eggs? Then why drink them?

Lion Coffee
has no coating of storage eggs, glue, etc. It's coffee—pure, unadulterated, fresh, strong and of delightful flavor and aroma.
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Consumption, Coughs and Colds
Than By All Other Throat And Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. **NO CURE. NO PAY.** Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

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2 25pm	9 27am	Saline	4 25pm	11 2 am
3 07pm	9 35am	Brighton	4 14pm	10 30am
3 52pm	10 08am	Marshall	3 30pm	9 10am
4 34pm	10 28am	Brooklyn	3 23pm	9 0am
4 50pm	10 49am	Woodstock	3 11pm	2 45 am
5 25pm	11 07am	Jerome	2 55pm	8 15 am
5 52pm	11 18am	No. Adams	2 45pm	8 05 am
6 09pm	11 32am	Bethel	2 45pm	7 40 am
7 10pm	7 10pm	Chicago	8 30pm	7 30am
7 25pm	2 20pm	Toledo	10 25pm	6 25am
7 52pm	5 45pm	Cleveland	6 35pm	3 05pm
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THE MODERN STORE.

It Has One Department Little Known To Customers.

The great department store of our time has one department usually unvisited by customers, and yet very essential to the good of the store. It is the hospital department. The hospital is a feature of the equipment of the great modern department stores, because experience has proved its advantages. It is not more a mark of humanitarian progress than of commercial sagacity. It is not there for the benefit of customers, though its use would not be denied them. It is there for the benefit of the clerks, a majority of whom are women, and these women are those who almost exclusively use the hospital. It is not an uncommon thing for the young woman employee of the store to sink down exhausted, or to drop

you four months ago. I remark to my parents almost every day that it seems almost an impossibility for medicine to do a person so much good. During the whole summer I could scarcely keep up to walk about the house, and yesterday I walked four miles and felt better from the exercise. I now weigh 125 pounds. I read in your book of testimonies where a lady said Dr. Pierce's medicines were a 'Thousand pounds of comfort,' please let me add one thousand pounds more to it. Mine was a case of complicated female disease in its worst form."

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can lay claim to being the best medicine for women without fear of contradiction. It is best because it contains no alcohol, and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics, which give only temporary relief from pain. It is the best medicine for women because its cures are radical, going to the root of disease and establishing perfect and permanent health. To these claims the women themselves are the witnesses, who having tried in vain other medicines, have found in "Favorite Prescription" a complete and lasting cure.

"I feel more than grateful to you for the benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Ervie E. Woodin, of Millerton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., care of Box No. 1. "For a number of years I had been troubled with female weakness, nervous headaches, irregularity, restlessness at night, and, in fact, was all run down, but after taking three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' feel that I am entirely cured. Have no more nervous headaches, and rest very good at night; in fact, feel like a different person, thanks to your kind advice and wonderful medicine. I earnestly advise all who suffer from any similar troubles to write to Dr. Pierce at once. They will not regret it."

NO NEED TO BE SICK.

For the majority of women there is no need to be sick with womanly diseases. The figures show that out of every fifty women suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex forty-nine are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Even the one woman in fifty for whom no perfect cure is possible is benefited by a lessening of pain, and an increase of strength through the use of this great medicine for womanly ills.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve stimulant for weak, worn-out and rundown women. It quietes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and cannot disagree with the weakest constitution.

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

FREE TO EVERY WOMAN.

The best medical book free. Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the greatest modern medical work containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thirteen is not always an unlucky number, as Miss Leshia Underwood can testify to, for last Saturday was her thirteenth birthday, and a goodly number of her many young friends, the most of whom were in their thirteenth year, gave her a very pleasant surprise and celebrated with her the anniversary of her birthday. Not only did they gladden her heart with their company, but also by giving her many fine presents in token of their esteem and to remind her in time to come of the pleasant gathering.

About 5 o'clock they were called into the dining room, where Mrs. Underwood had spread the table laden with a bountiful repast such as mothers alone know how to prepare for such occasions, which was highly enjoyed by all. As the shades of evening drew on apace the gathering dispersed, well pleased with their afternoon's enjoyment and entertainment, wishing Miss Leshia many returns of the happy occasion.

WHAT THIN FOLKS NEED

Is a greater power of digestion and assimilating food. For them Dr. King's New Life Pills work wonders. They tone and regulate the digestive organs, gently expel all poisons from the system, enrich the blood, improve appetite, make healthy flesh. Only 25¢ at G. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spaulsby's.

ANNUAL RECEPTION
OF SORORITYS

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority of the Normal entertained a company of eighty at the gymnasium Friday evening, the occasion being the sorority's annual reception.

The hall was decorated in the sorority yellow and blue, and with the cosy corners and screens and palms presented a very artistic appearance. The corners were unusually attractive, one being devoted to emblems of sport, such as a fish net, canoe and paddles, tennis rackets, etc., another being adorned with pillows and bunting in the sorority colors, and a third having a striking array of posters. The northeast corner, which lends itself less easily to decoration than the others, was noticeably attractive, as the young ladies had conceived the happy thought of lighting it from within. The musicians, who were from the Flinney orchestra of Detroit, were stationed in the center of the room, being concealed from view by screens.

The guests were received by Mrs. Fannie C. Burton, the patroness of the sorority, and by a committee of members that varied during the evening.

Dancing was continued from eight o'clock until midnight.

CAUTION!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase for 75¢ the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boschee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. Sold by all druggists in the civilized world.

G. G. GREEN, Woodbury, N. J.



"I wrote to Doctor Pierce, who sent me a very kind letter and advised me."

Thousands of weak and sick women can trace the beginning of a new life of perfect health to that letter written to Dr. Pierce.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures weak and aching backs, headaches, nervousness and other womanly ailments by curing the womanly diseases which cause them.

"In the spring of 1880 I became very ill," writes Mrs. Alvina Scholtz, of Lake Washington, Lescure Co., Minn. "my back was very weak and ached so that I could do no work at all. I sat at a table to make a bed and felt a constant desire to urinate and the pains in abdomen were almost unbearable. I wrote to Dr. Pierce, who sent me a very kind letter, and advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Seal' and 'Dissovere'—two or six bottles of each and am a well woman now. I cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Pierce's medicines."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

The STORY
OF A
DREAM

By ZOE ANDERSON
NORRIS...

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Zoe Anderson Norris

AFTERWARD, in putting away her fans, her miniature, bits of jeweled she had worn and a few delicate lace for remembrance, they found among the scraps of manuscripts in her desk this story of a dream:

The veil separating this world and the next is wonderfully thin—so thin that now and again it blows aside and reveals visions. If some one else were to declare that this thing happened, I should say they exaggerated or at the very least that they imagined it; but, since it occurred to me, I know it to be true.

This is not a love story, not fiction—it is merely a narrative of events—so that those who desire to read fiction would do well to pass it by.

Religion is inherited. Descended from a hundred vicars, you naturally find yourself imbued with faith in the Deity they worshipped, even as the Hindoo, sprung from generations of idol worshiping Hindoos, salams submissively at the feet of idols.

I am descended from a hundred vicars. Their work is all there in the British museum. I have read their sermons, beautiful sermons, redolent of holy lives, written in early English, published by order of kings.

Naturally, then, I had faith.

With their religion I inherited some little of their ability to write, for, after all, most things are a simple matter of inheritance.

I wrote fairly successful sketches, etchings, studies from the life—in other words, pot boilers. Encouraged, I submitted them to a publisher for reproduction in book form.

Hardly expecting success, I was enraptured with the decision of the reader. It was complimentary. He compared my work with that of a noted writer. He asked me to submit a collection of such sketches along a special line.

I did so. Then I fell to dreaming dreams. So I, too, would have my work there in the British museum side by side with that of all those vicars, my ancestors; with that of my father. Mine could not compare with theirs, which was deep, learned, much of it difficult translations from the original Greek, the best translation of all being that of my father; but they would be side by side.

I scarcely remembered his face, except by his picture, which I carried about with me always. He died when I was a mere child. I was the only one out of his large family who inherited his ability to write. I was proud of that—too proud, it seemed.

Reverently I stood before the great index book at the museum which contained his name. I had his sermons brought to my desk—exquisite sermons, delicately worded, masterpieces of style, but sad, sad. His life had not been a happy one. I knew that, young as I was at the time of his death. Once he left me to watch at his bedside, fanning. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved, murmuring half unconsciously: "I am tired. Let me die."

I must have heard many of his words, but those are the only ones that remained with me.

Every night then I said my little prayer. I talked quite openly with the Great Being who holds our lives in the palm of his hand; not too long for fear of wearying, but confidently.

And yet, if he listens at all, he never wears. His interest never flags. He takes heed of our trivial and innumerable tales of woe with the same unflagging patience with which an earthly father hearkens to the tearful babbling of an infant over the broken finger of her doll.

Still how is it possible for him to listen calmly to our supplications when he knows all the time that he hasn't the remotest idea of granting them?

That is something I find it impossible to understand. A child may turn the parental tide in his favor by tears, by supplications, but no matter how bitterly we weep, no matter how agonizingly we supplicate, our pathway is mapped out for us, and we must walk therein.

"I have been a sort every night of woe from my childhood," I told him, explaining as if he had never heard of me before. "Never in all my life have I even so much as touched the hem of the garment of happiness. But grant this prayer, and I shall be satisfied. Fame is a poor substitute for happiness, but I will make it do. Give it to me."

It may have been an offense to complain. Perhaps I should have passed over the unhappiness of my life. In all probability I should have alluded to it as of little account, at any rate as lived and done with and therefore hardly worth mentioning.

But if he knows all things he knew

every step I had taken over that sad road as well as I did; knew it by the track of tears if nothing else.

What if the words held something of upbraiding? An earthly father forgives the waywardness of a child. He should have forgiven me, particularly since he knew my life.

For some months I watched and waited, repeating my prayer morning, noon and night. I fed on hope. I saw myself famous and, what was better still, out of the reach of want. My enemies who had doubted my ability bowed to my feet. In their hearts was hatred, but upon their faces were smiles. So what mattered the hatred?

At length I was satisfied. I approached as nearly as it is possible to approach to human happiness.

This was how it happened that when the blow fell I was utterly unprepared, utterly. Some one knocked, opened my door and handed me the parcel.

Wonderingly I opened it, read the courteously worded note it contained and then sank upon my knees, not crying out, not weeping, but dull, stricken, only half comprehending, blankly amazed.

When the truth burst upon me, a sudden sense of isolation took possession of my soul.

I seemed to stand alone in the universe, alone with the earth and sky; doubly alone since I had lost my faith. It seemed such a little thing that I had asked for, and he had not seen fit to grant it. Perhaps he had not heard. Perhaps he had been engaged in listening to some one else, or, tired of continual petitioning, bending an inattentive ear he had not quite caught the drift of my remarks. And I thought I had made them so plain. I had repeated them so often that they were like a refrain. I had got myself to sleep wakeful nights repeating them. After all, it may have been that I had wearied him.

Yes, that was it. I had wearied him.

If we ask and ask and our prayer is not granted, we must say to ourselves: "This thing upon which we have set our hearts is not what we should have had. Granted, it would possibly have been harmful to us; it might have made us ill, as too many sweetmeats do a child."

But I knew that this thing I had asked for would have been good for me.

It was what I needed to sweeten my life, to ward off bitterness, distrustfulness, to preserve my faith, to keep the unshed tears from falling back upon my heart and rusting it.

Besides, I was footsore with walking on thorns. I wanted to walk a little while on flowers.

Hiding myself like a wounded animal, I looked blankly out on a blank world. By and by it filled with the grinning faces of my enemies, flanked by the faces of my friends, who outwardly bemoaned my defeat while their hearts leaped gleefully.

I pressed my teeth into my lips until they bled, picturing the faces of my friends.

A maid knocked at the door.

"Will you have lunch?" she asked, for it was early in the morning that I had received the blow.

"No," I answered.

Later on came another knock.

"Will you have dinner?"

"No," I replied. "I want nothing. I am ill."

Strong and well of body, but sick at heart!

Twilight came. Shadows fell. From across the street lamps flashed yellowly on to the ceiling.

I watched the glistening square formed by the window frame.

To a bodily hurt flock tender nurses bearing lotions, bandages, soothing draughts, but for the hurt of the mind and heart is there a cure?

The darkness deepened. The light of the lamps grew brighter.

Lying still, my eyes wide open, I surveyed my life. Behind me lay inky blackness. I peered into the future. It was blacker still.

I turned on my pillow. It was wet with tears.

Suddenly the light flickered and went out. Then I knew it was past midnight, long past.

Would I never sleep?

I commenced, as usual, to count. The wonder of it was that I had not worn out those numbers counting them night after night, night after night. They failed to woo slumber. My thoughts wandered away to my woe.

I watched sheep leaping hedges, I failed to count ducks swimming in endless rows. By every imaginable ruse I endeavored to court sleep—to no avail.

Mechanically my lips framed the words of my father: "I am tired. Let me die."

At the first streak of dawn, all other efforts failing, I commenced, almost unconsciously, to repeat the psalm that had got me to sleep in the days before I had lost my faith.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," I said aloud, though the words seemed now to have lost all their significance.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul. He restoreth my soul."

"He restoreth my soul," I said once more, with languid insistence, wavering for a moment between wakefulness and sleep, then fell asleep.

Instantly I entered dreamland the earth brightened. Walking drowsily over those flowers I had longed for, I approached a tall figure with averted face. Presently he turned his face full upon me. It was radiant as the face

of an angel. It was the face of an angel. I recognized it. It was my father.

There is a picture in the National gallery—I forgot by whom, but it belongs, I think, to the Bolognese school. It is the picture of Mary, his mother, and two angels bearing up the body of the dead Christ.

The face of Mary and that of one of the angels are tear stained, the lids are red with weeping, the mouths are drawn and pitiful. But the face of that other angel! How shall I describe it? Sorrowful, yet tranquil; peaceful with the patience of grief, yet radiant with hope, it breathes holiness.

Often on dreary days when the joy of life sat long looking at that grimy dogged my foot-steps I have gone into the gallery and sat long looking at that face.

The dream face of my father was like it. He smiled upon me. Coming forward, he took me in his arms and held me to him. He was silent; but, lying close in his embrace, I felt what it was wished to say:

Nothing matters. Whatever happens in this little span of life we are set to live it is not worth grieving about; it is not worth a sigh, it is not worth a tear.

Soldiers' Bread.

A trooper who saw service in South Africa says that at one time on the march the biscuits gave out, and the soldiers were served with flour.

What a job we had baking it! Four of us generally put our flour together and took turns in cooking.

"You've got it too wet," one would say—"far too wet!"

"It would taste just as well," said another, "if you dispensed with some of the dirt you're mixing with it."

There came arguments about the heat of the fire.

"It's too hot!"

"It's not hot enough!"

"You must put ashes on the top first."

After the paste was baked it looked like a piece of hardened mud. If any of us had eaten the same thing at home, it would have stopped every working organ in our bodies. Perhaps the outside gave us an ability to digest anything.

Some of the fellows who could not find any fat to anoint the ball of dough used the dubbin we had for cleaning our saddles. If we baked a big cake to last for three or four days, we had nothing large enough to carry it in but our horses' nosebags, and after it had been two or three days in a nosebag it was as appetizing as a brickbat and might have been utilized as a steam hammer.

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Moore the Grange has lost an active and courteous member, whose sincerity and faithfulness to the principals of our order will be treasured as monuments of esteem and respect in years to come.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of our departed sister and trust that He who is ever ready to shield and protect may have watchful care over them.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that a page be set apart in our records to the memory of Sister Moore, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family also to the local papers for publication.

Brother and Sister Lowden,

FRANK OWEN'S

CRACK PITCHING

Reports from Omaha are to the effect that Frank Owen, of Ypsilanti, one of the Omaha pitchers, is doing fine work.

He has won all of his five games, and on Thursday performed the difficult feat of going into the box in the ninth inning when the game with Peoria, Ill., was practically lost, and striking out the first three men who came to bat. The Omaha men made four runs the last half of the ninth, which was sufficient to give them the game.

Owen pitched again against Peoria last Thursday, giving but four hits, while the Peoria twirler allowed 10. Omaha won by a score of 4 to 2, with one error for the former and five for the latter team.

Commenting on Owen's work in the Omaha-Milwaukee game, which Omaha won by 3 to 1, a Milwaukee paper says: "At the same time Owen was pitching in gilt edge form and up to the seventh inning no hits were made off his delivery. The scoring of Milwaukee was deferred to the eighth, when McPherson drove the ball to the right, so low that Carter could not reach it." In the eighth and ninth Milwaukee scored four hits.

Owen is attracting considerable attention in the west, as he is making a splendid record for himself.

RESOLUTIONS.

Passed by Stony Creek Grange No. 51

Where

HAPPENINGS IN PITTSFIELD.
Pittsfield Junction, May 15.—George Read shipped a carload of potatoes last Tuesday.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the funeral of Mrs. Richard Kellogg, near Ypsilanti last Friday.

Our genial supervisor, Alfred Hutzel has been going the rounds with his big book and the man "without property" is quite concerned.

Fred Herbst, of Ann Arbor, is doing a big business, erecting "patient" fencing this spring.

The recent rains have improved crop prospects in this locality. The few fields of either are seen

which have also improved although wet

outlook for the year is good.

HEARD IN SALINE.

Saline, May 15.—Martin Fuss, formerly employed in Ann Arbor, is home for a few days? After his visit here he will leave for Cleveland, O., where he will be employed as collector for a telephone company.

The citizens met at the council room last Monday evening and made arrangements with the G. A. R. for Decoration Day exercises at the opera house. The members of the program committee are Prof. Tooze, F. Nissley, C. Burkhart, M. Hunt, F. Weinmann; finance committee, G. Tut and Mrs. Fish; and decorating committee, A. M. Humphrey.

Mrs. S. A. Day is spending a few days with her daughter in Pittsfield.

Sam Moore and family have been attending the wedding of Miss Ann Lighthall of Chelsea and Mr. Earl Chase of Manchester.

FOR RENT.—Ten acres fruit and garden land, known as Fairview Fruit Farm, Prospect avenue, Ypsilanti. Address Argus, Ypsilanti.

JOTTINGS FROM WEBSTER.

Miss Leona G. Markham, of Ann Arbor, spent Saturday at G. H. Winslow's.

Rev. W. F. Morrison is spending the week at Morrison, his former home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Alexander, of Ypsilanti, spent Saturday and Sunday at J. W. Alexander's.

Miss Rosa Lehman, of Ann Arbor, visited at William Latson's last week.

Memorial exercises will be held in the Webster church on May 25.

Mrs. Eliza Smith has gone to Fruit Dale, Alabama, to remain sometime with her brother, who recently lost his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Winslow very Farmers club on Saturday. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, about 50 people enjoyed the pleasure of their spacious home. A good program was rendered and the subject, "What is most needed by the farmer" was ably discussed. The names of ten families were added to the society. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith will entertain the June meeting.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 25 cents.

NEWS FROM YPSILANTI TOWN.

Ypsilanti Town, May 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Rawson, Mrs. Fifield and Miss Pearl Fifield went to Detroit last Tuesday to attend the funeral of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mason.

Miss Grace Champion is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pollard, who is housekeeper for the Ward brothers.

Miss Clara Vorse visited Miss Waterbury Saturday and Sunday.

The Ladies' Helping Hand will meet the second Thursday in next month with Mrs. Minard.

Marrried at the residence of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Voorhees, Wednesday, the 7th inst., Miss Lottie A. Voorhees to Mr. Samuel E. Ballantine of Detroit. Rev. Mr. Brown officiating. About 40 of the immediate relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride was prettily gowned in white Swiss muslin, richly trimmed with lace and satin, and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. To the strains of a wedding march the bride came in attended by her father, A. L. Voorhees, of Detroit, and was received by the groom, who awaited her beneath a bridal bell of ferns and carnations. After a very impressive ceremony dainty refreshments were served. The gifts were numerous and elegant. The happy couple left that evening for Detroit, their future home, amid a shower of rice. The guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Voorhees, Detroit, Miss Ballington, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voorhees went to Ann Arbor last Saturday.

Miss Nettie Crittenden went to Ann Arbor last week Friday night and over Sunday with her cousins, and Mrs. Charles Robinson.

Don't waste your money on worthless imitations of Rocky Mountain Tea. Get the genuine made only by the Madison Medicine Co. A great family remedy. 35 cents. Morford & Smith.

CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED.

The Chicago 400, an illustrated journal of travel and topics, issued by the Chicago & North-Western Ry., is one of the finest illustrated publications ever printed. The tinted half-tones rival those of the finest magazines, and the letter-press of the whole edition is perfect, pictorially and descriptively mirroring California's wonderful scenery. Copy delivered free on application, or mailed to any address upon receipt of two cents postage, by

W. R. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

21

Impossible to foresee an accident. Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—Monarch over pain.

MONT PELEE THREATENS

PROVISIONS FOR 100,000 NEEDED FOR MARTINIQUE.

THE DEAD ON ST. VINCENT NUMBER TWO THOUSAND.

LOOTING OF THE DEAD NOW BEING CARRIED ON.

Fort de France, Island of Martinique, May 14.—The northern section of the island is depopulated.

Provisions are needed here immediately for 100,000 people. A shipload of lime is also needed at St. Pierre for sanitary purposes. The stench there from the dead bodies is overpowering.

Mont Pelee was still erupting smoke and fire at a late hour last night.

The French cruiser Suchet is here, and the city of Fort de France is quiet.

It was reported here yesterday from the British island of Dominica that 300 survivors of the St. Pierre disaster had reached there in canoes.

Many strange and incomprehensible incidents are recounted of St. Pierre.



ST. PIERRE, WITH MONT PELEE IN THE DISTANCE.

The charred remains of a woman with a silk handkerchief, unburned and in perfect condition, held to her lips have been found there. The crisped bodies of young girls have been found, but the shoes they wore were unburnt. Great praise is given United States Consul Ayme. He has worked indefatigably to succor the survivors. He has bandaged the limbs of the wounded and has worked without sleep and without food. He is now thoroughly exhausted. Forty persons rescued from the city are now in hospitals here.

In addition to the specie already secured, jewels to the value of 1,000,000 francs were rescued from the Bank of St. Pierre yesterday.

The United States government tug Potomac, which came to Martinique from San Juan, P. R., cruised along the coast of this island Monday afternoon. She encountered an inky black column of smoke, which made it necessary for her to go five miles out of her course.

Words fail to describe the present situation at St. Pierre. A small detachment of French troops is making efforts to inter the dead, although the government seems to be strikingly unconcerned as to what is done in this direction.

The looting of the dead has begun already. While coming to Fort de France the Potomac picked up a boat containing five colored and one white man, whose pockets were filled with coin and jewelry, the latter evidently stripped from the fingers of the dead.

Lieut. B. B. McCormick, the commander of the Potomac, arrested the men and turned them over to the command of the French cruiser Suchet for punishment. The Potomac also brought a ton of supplies to Martini.

It is estimated that the total number of deaths on the Island of St. Vincent from the volcanic eruption reached 2,000. Most of the victims are said to be Carib Indians.

Dickinson Will Receive Funds.

Washington, May 14.—The president has appointed a committee to receive funds for relief of the sufferers from the recent catastrophe in Martinique and St. Vincent. Don M. Dickinson has been appointed at Detroit to collect and receive the funds.

Revolution Threatened in Ecuador.

Panama, Colombia, May 14.—It is reported here that Gen. Alfaro, the former president of Ecuador, is preparing a revolutionary movement against President Plaza of that republic.

TWENTY-THREE ARE DEAD. The Result of the Awful Catastrophe at Sheraden, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 14.—A careful and systematic search for the dead and injured in the Sheraden horror of Monday reveals a list of 23 dead and 202 injured. The complete list of the injured may never be known, as many were able to get away without making known their identity. A conservative estimate, made by those thoroughly familiar with the situation, places the number more or less seriously hurt at not less than 300.

The official list of dead last night given out by the coroner follows:

Elbert Berry, aged 15, Sheraden; Hugh Flaherty, 65, Espion; Dallas Byrd, 26, New Cumberland, W. Va.; Antonio Leo, 33, Sheraden; —Finner, 40, Sisterdale, W. Va.; J. Lawrence Keenan, 17, Carnegie, Pa.; Harry S. Smithley, 20, Urichsville, O.; George D. Wilson, 15, Sheraden; Matthew L. Marion, 24, McKees Rocks; Donald Smith, 9, Sheraden; Wm. H. Fife, 10, Sheraden; Charles Haertig, 14, Greentree Borough; Walter E. Rice, 31, Dorncetown, Pa.; Elmer E. Hunter, 37, Sheraden; W. W. Taylor, 24, Millers Station, O.; Pasco Mader, 40, Sheraden; Walter Wright, Sheraden; two unknown men at Pittsburg morgue; an Italian section foreman.

There are scores of the people in Sheraden who should be in the hospitals, but for want of room they are being cared for by friends. Some of this class are also expected to die.

The scenes in and around Sheraden are pitiful in the extreme. Practically every house in the village had one or more injured inmates, and in many homes mourning families were gathered about the charred and distorted remains of loved ones who were victims of the terrible calamity.

The damage to property by the explosions and fire will be heavy. The loss at the mouth of Corks Run tunnel alone will probably exceed \$100,000.

In addition to heavy loss by the railroad company, 25 houses were destroyed, either by force of the explosions or by the fire which followed.

ANOTHER APPROPRIATION.

Senate Adds \$300,000 for the Martinique Sufferers.

Washington, May 14.—An additional appropriation of \$300,000 was made by the Senate Tuesday for the stricken people of the French West Indies, in accordance with the recommendation of the president that \$500,000 be appropriated. The agricultural appropriation bill was passed and then Mr. Stewart (Nev.), in supporting the Philippine bill, warned the minority that no political gain would accrue to them for their attack on the army.

The American people, he said, always had supported the army and always would. He declared that for us now to take down the American flag from the Philippines would be a national disgrace. While discussing the proposed coinage of the silver dollar for the Philippines, Mr. Stewart declared that the silver question in this country was dead, at least for the present, on account of the large output of gold.

The bill providing for the construction of a Union railway station in Washington was under discussion.

The naval appropriation bill, which provides for the two new battleships, two armored cruisers and two gunboats, and carries a total of \$77,650,000, was taken up in the house. Rep. Foss of Illinois, chairman of the naval committee, in opening the debate, sounded a note of warning against the over-confident belief that our navy is invincible. He declared that our victories at Manila and Santiago were due to the fact that we were contending with an effete and decaying nation and that our strength far outmatched Spain in those contests.

Mr. Rixey (Va.) also spoke for the bill, most of his time being given to an argument for government construction of war ships.

The conference report on the omnibus claims bill was rejected on the ground that claims not considered by either branch of

Kitchener's Weekly Report.

London, May 14.—The weekly report of Lord Kitchener, received today, shows that 19 Boers were killed, that six were wounded, and 802 were made prisoners, that nine surrendered and that 800 rifles, 157 wagons, 400 horses and 4,300 head of cattle fell into the hands of the British.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Wednesday, May 14.

CHICAGO.—Wheat: July, 76¢c; Sept., 75½¢c. Corn—July, 62½¢c; Sept., 61½¢c. Oats—July, 35¢c; Sept., 29¢c. Pork—July, \$17.47; Sept., \$17.45. Lard—July, \$10.30; Sept., \$10.32. Ribs—July, \$9.67; Sept., \$9.70. Timothy—\$5. Clover—Cash, \$8.35.

DETROIT.—Wheat: No. 1 white, 90¢c; No. 2 red, 87½¢c; May, 87c; July, 79½¢c. Corn—No. 3 mixed, 64¢c; No. 3 yellow, 64½¢c. Oats—No. 2 white, 46½¢c; No. 3 white, 45½¢c. Rye—No. 2, 60¢c. Beans—May, \$1.62; July, \$1.50. Clover—Spot, \$5.

Live Stock Markets.

DETROIT.—Cattle: Choice steers,

\$6@6.45; light to good butcher steers and heifers, \$4.50@5.25; mixed butchers and fat cows, \$3.50@4.90; bulls, \$4.20@4.90; feeds and stockers, \$4@4.75. Veal calves—\$4.50@6; milk cows and lambs—Best lambs, clips, \$6.25; light to good and good mixed lots, \$4@5.50; yearlings, \$5@5.50; fair to good butchers' sheep, \$4@5; culs and common, \$3.50@4.75. Hogs—Light to good butchers, \$6.85@7; pigs and light Yorkers, \$6.35@6.80; roughs, \$5.75.

CHICAGO.—Cattle: Active; steady;

\$6@6.45; light to good butcher steers

and heifers, \$4.50@5.25; mixed butchers

and fat cows, \$3.50@4.90; bulls, \$4.20@4.90; feeds and stockers, \$4@4.75.

Veal calves—\$4.50@6; milk cows and

lambs—Best lambs, clips, \$6.25;

light to good and good mixed lots, \$4@5.50;

yearlings, \$5@5.50; fair to good butchers' sheep, \$4@5; culs and common, \$3.50@4.75. Hogs—Light to good butchers, \$6.85@7; pigs and light Yorkers, \$6.35@6.80; roughs, \$5.75.

Don't Want Troops Removed.

Manila, May 14.—Within the last few days petitions against the removal of American troops have been received from 16 towns and villages.

The reason for these petitions is said to be fear of bandits after the troops have left.

It is believed in some quarters that the petitioners are more probably influenced by a desire to retain the trade of the American soldiers in the places in question than by fear of robber depredations.

Rebellion Leaders Captured.

Pekin, May 14.—The government an-

nounces that, after two days' fighting,

the rebels in the southern part of the

province of Chi Li have been com-

pletely defeated, and their leaders cap-

tured.

Manila Cholera Report.

Manila, May 14.—There have been

960 cases of cholera, with 769 deaths,

in Manila. The provinces report 2,838

cases and 2,092 deaths from the dis-

ease.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO REVIEW HIS TRIAL

RATHBONE CASE IS TO BE CARE-

FULLY GONE OVER.

SECRETARY ROOT ISSUES OR- DERS TO GEN. WOOD.

FRIENDS OF NEELY AND RATH- BONE APPEAL TO PALMA.

Washington, May 14.—The presi-

dent has directed Secretary Root to confer upon the Cuban court of ap-